SOME NEW BOOKS.

Darwinism and Race Progress.

Messrs. Swann, Sonnenschein & Co. of London have reprinted in a volume entitled *Darwinism and Race Progress* three lectures which were delivered in March, 1894, by Prof. John Berry Haycraft at the Royal College of Physicians, and which were reported at the time almost verbatim in the *Lancet*. Among the questions discussed are the power of a given people to assure its own racial progress, the wisdom of modern philanthropic effort for the prevention of disease, the expediency of averting the transmission of nerve derangements by a restriction of marriage, and the necessity of segregating not only the criminal but the incapable. Some evidence is also brought forward to demonstrate that the more capable members of a community are relatively sterile and that, consequently, unless segregation and selective methods are adopted, we shall tend more and more to breed from our incapables.

I.

It is obvious that, on the threshold of such a discussion, the author finds himself compelled to examine critically the arguments which point to the non-inheritance of acquired characters, and to comprehend precisely the operation of natural selection, at present deemed by far the greatest, if not the only, factor in the production of race change. When this preliminary work is done, it should be possible to study man in his modern surroundings, with a view to determining how far these are conducive to his ultimate good, and how they may be advantageously modified with a view to his improvement and advance. We may say at once that Prof. Haycraft, in common with the great majority of contemporary physiologists, accepts the views propounded by Weismann and Galton, that is to say, he denies the possibility of transmitting to offspring characters acquired during the lifetime of the individual. He knows of no single reliable instance in which transmission has been shown to have taken place. Mutilations have been practised upon male infants by Jews and other Semitic races for thousands of years; but in spite of this, the operation has still to be performed, for the lost parts appear in the offspring of to-day, as in the earlier periods of their race's history. Certain breeds of dogs and sheep have, for many generations, been systematically docked, and yet the young are born with as long tails as those of other breeds. Chinese women have compressed their feet from times long past, yet Chinese female infants are still born with large feet, and have to undergo afresh the torture of compression. As to the supposed transmission of acquired instincts and habits, it is possible by means of the principle of selection to explain some, at least, of the cases which led Darwin to accept Lamarck's theory of the transmissibility of acquired characters. For example, the tameness of rabbits, cats, and dogs which, for countless generations have been subjected to domestication, need not be accounted for by assuming that the results of training are transmitted. For it is easy to understand how those that would have rebelled most against man's authority, and who were by nature the least tractable, would have been less cared for by man, and probably would finally have suffered extermination, while the docile received attention, and were permitted to reach maturity and perpetuate the race. That this selection is now going on is plain, for we see every day the savage dogs destroyed, while house dogs and domestic pets are continually chosen from the docile and good-tempered animals. In the case, too, of organs which become useless and finally disappear in the course of generations, a selective agency will sufficiently account for their disappearance. As Darwin himself pointed out, though he was a much less thorough-going Darwinian than is Weismann, a useless organ is an expense and a drain upon an animal's capital; it requires blood, and its exercise uses up some of the sum total of energy the animal possesses. The truth of this can be shown experimentally, as when compensatory growth occurs in the rest of the body after amputation of a limb, or when one lung or kidney grows larger subsequently to the disease or removal of the other. In cases where an organ is useless, those who have it badly developed, and, in consequence, have other and useful parts more fully formed, will have a distinct advantage over those born with a well-formed but useless organ. We may thus explain the small size of the wings of the tame duck as compared with those of the wild duck; the occurrence of the still smaller wings of the running ostrich; also the blind fish of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, and the visionless eyes of the burrowing mole. But may not a disease acquired by an individual during his lifetime be transmitted to his offspring? This question also must be answered in the negative, except in the case of syphilis, for the transmissibility of phthisis is denied. What is transmitted in the case of phthisis is not the disease, but the physical type which most readily succumbs to the attack of the tubercle bacillus. A phthisical type of person is one who comes of a family liable to fall a prey to this microbe, and he is recognizable by many characteristics of hair and complexion, and by distinctive qualities of temperament, feature, and figure.

II.

This brings us to one of the practical applications of the doctrine of selection to social progress. The phthisical are attractive in personal appearance on account of their skin and hair coloring and their frequent brightness and vivacity, while their obvious delicacy elicits a feeling of pity and a wish to protect them. In consequence of these attractive qualities they easily marry, and they are, as a rule, very fertile. This phthisical type is very common in Great Britain and the United States, and it seems to be an innate variation to which the English-speaking race is liable. It is evident, therefore, that those people with the tuberculous variation, who, even under the present circumstances, manage to contribute their quota to the population, would, were the tubercle bacillus altogether exterminated, contribute more than their share, and the type would become more common. This type, we are reminded, quite apart from its susceptibility to this particular microbe, is a delicate and frail one, liable to other affections, and the effect of giving the type any advantage in the struggle for life would surely imperil the well-being of the race in time to come. Recalling the fact that some years ago it was thought that a cure for phthisis had been obtained, Prof. Haycraft says that high honor was rightly paid to its supposed discoverer, but he adds that had the cure proved as efficient as the more sanguine were led to expect, it would be terrible to contemplate the eventual suffering that would have resulted from the constantly increasing number of the phthisical type that would have been born with each generation. It sounds a hard saying, but it is, nevertheless, pronounced a true one, that the tubercle bacillus is a friend of the race, for it attacks no healthy man or woman, but only the feeble. A perfectly healthy individual, placed under favorable conditions as regards food, fresh air, and exercise, is never attacked successfully by tubercle bacilli, the active, vigorous tissue cells being perfectly able to destroy any bacilli that make their way into the lungs, the pharynx, or the intestines. Not only the tubercle bacilli, but almost all the microbes which are the germs of infectious diseases, kill the weak rather than the strong. On the whole, therefore, and as a natural consequence, they are our race friends rather than our foes, and, if we attempt seriously to do away with their selective influence, which tends to the elimination of the weak and the preservation of the strong, we must make good the loss of this selective influence by another equally potent, or the race will tend to deteriorate. We must replace the selection performed by the microbes with a selection due to human forethought.

There is no doubt that we are rapidly diminishing the selective agencies, which in the past have developed racial vigor. Skill in nurturing the sickly has, in modern times, wonderfully reduced the mortality among infants; improvements in methods of nursing, the replacement of cotton by flannel and wool, and the use of many foods, some of them artificially digested, give the sickly infant the chance of living, and it survives its first and most dangerous years. Then its chances are again improved, for the infectious diseases are being held in check, and the child has comparatively little to fear from them. Thus it survives to adult age, when, like the hothouse plant, it is still protected from hardships to which the race was formerly freely exposed. It lives to lower the average physique of the mothers or fathers who produce the next generation of children. In a word, improved sanitary surroundings benefit chiefly the sickly, and thus, with an increased probability of life, we have diminished the average robustness of constitution, or innate healthiness of the race, for a larger proportion of sickly ones are living among us. In our day, a greater number of parents suffer from phthisical, scrofulous, and other taints than in days gone by, and these taints are passed on to their children. A comparison of the life tables constructed for the period 1838-54, with those based upon the period 1871-80, is made by Prof. Haycraft, and it indicates that, in England, racial deterioration has already begun as a sequence to the care for the individual which has characterized the efforts of modern society.

III.

One of the most interesting chapters of this book is that which deals with modern democratic attempts to equalize the struggle for existence by distributing equal opportunities to all children born within a given community. It is evident that, without such a distribution, the united effort of a community can never reach its maximum, for much individual power will be suppressed, and much incompetency will be bolstered up in an artificial manner, so that competition will fail in a large measure to bring forward the most capable competitors. The present tendency is in the direction of breaking up the more artificially imposed barriers between class and class, so that wealth and power are more readily accessible to those who were once shut out from all hope of them by birth; while on the other hand, the children of the well to do can take up positions which were, at one time, thought to be unworthy of them. But, while this is the aim of modern democratic effort, Prof. Haycraft questions whether the result eventually achievable will be acceptable to the democracy. Class distinctions of an artificial kind are undoubtedly being rapidly destroyed, but only to be replaced by others of a most enduring kind. The advantages which the future holds out are, and will be, as they always have been, to the few and not to the many; for the struggle and competition will always be there, and all cannot come in abreast. By a more thorough sifting from all classes of the capable and intelligent, we are forming, and shall continue to form, an aristocracy of real innate worth and distinction, separated more and more sharply from the masses as each generation goes by. At the present time the poor man may, with some show of reason, and hope of succeeding in greater things, be discontented with his lot, and wish for other pursuits and other advantages for which he may feel himself to be, and, in many cases is, well fitted; but, if the present tendency is continued, whereby the best among the laborers of the future will have risen to higher things as the necessary consequence of their ambition, there will not be found among laborers any considerable number left who will have sufficient innate capacity to undertake pursuits requiring much mental effort and bodily skill. Class will then be separated from class by real organic differences, and the idea of social equality, ridiculous enough as it now appears to many, will then have become a demonstrated absurdity, as having involved the impossible assumption that things which are unlike can be at the same time alike.

It is not, of course, contended that those who succeed under present and future conditions will always be the best from an ethical point of view. We have seen that society is giving to the capable of all classes increased facility to acquire wealth and position, and is tending to form of this capable section an upper class. The selective process, however, is carried out only on certain lines, and the upper class thus evolved may not command our entire sympathy and approbation. In biological works the term survival of the fittest is used, of course, in quite a special and technical sense. Biologists employ the term fit in the sense of fit to get on in the world, and often intrinsically inferior animals and men are fit in this sense of the term. The present tendency is to give an advantage to the man who is capable, pushing, and diplomatic; who is endowed, in other words, with qualities of value in a struggle, qualities which still savor of talons and claws, while, as a community, we are careless of qualities which some of us, as individuals, have learned to prize as those of a higher order. The man who most frequently gets on best is he who untiringly follows out his personal advantage, who has in life one end and aim which he pursues regardless of everything else. Manifestly a course of life like this implies selfishness and want of regard for the well-being of others. We see around us many men of the greatest capacity who, at the same time, are unselfish and unblemished, yet they do not get on, but are passed in the race by men who, in most ways their inferiors, possess instinctively the power to follow out in detail the course which leads quickest to success. We often hear it said that the poor are generous, and certainly the way in which they assist each other in sickness and need is noteworthy. It is suggested, however, by Prof. Haycraft that it would be more accurate to say that the generous are the poor, for generosity almost of necessity implies a temperament unsuited to the neck-to-neck struggle which society is imposing upon those of her citizens who aspire to be rich.

IV.

Are we breeding from our incapables? This question also the author of these lectures is disposed to answer in the affirmative. He sees reason to believe that the career necessary to individual success in the life struggle of modern society is one which carries with it and necessitates relative sterility. If this be true, we have to face the certainty that talent is being bred out of us, so to speak, and that the average capacity of the race must therefore assuredly deteriorate. In the animal world those qualities which determine the success of an individual in the battle of life become stamped upon its progeny, but just the reverse result is entailed upon human beings by our modern system. In the animal world fitness results in life and reproduction, and unfitness in death and sterility; while among men the capable and successful are rewarded by honor and wealth, but are relatively sterile, and the man that society is inclined to overlook contributes a large percentage to the race of the future. This relative sterility is not a matter of conjecture, but of statistical proof. A recent report made on births, deaths, and marriages in Great Britain showed that among miners, for instance, the average age of marriage was for men 24 years, and for women 22½, while in the professional and independent class the average age was over 31 for men and over 26 for women. Not only do the wives of the working classes produce individually more children than those of the professional classes, but, owing to the earlier marriages, generations will succeed each other with greater rapidity. Let us suppose, for instance, that a laborer's wife marries at 23 and a lawyer's wife at 26, and that they have the same number of children, in each case four, and that the same conditions are observed in successive generations. The population produced by the laborer's wife will in 270 years be 2,048, while the population produced by the lawyer's wife will be just half as much, namely 1,024. It should not, however, be overlooked that while the lower classes are undoubtedly the most fertile, their fertility is, in some degree, counterbalanced by the greater mortality which obtains among their offspring.

The author of these lectures believes that society should take as much trouble to breed healthy human beings as it does to breed domestic animals. He is an advocate of the segregation of persons who are unlikely to have healthy and capable children. Not, of course, that he deems it opportune to submit to Parliament a bill aiming at the segregation of criminals and vagrants, for public opinion is not prepared for such a measure. At present the British community at large has hardly even discussed the obligations which rests upon its members considered as race producers; the enforcement of these obligations could only follow a strong growth of public feeling and public practice. Long, too, before the question could be discussed in a practical form, the criminals and vagrants would have to be separated from the deserving poor. Were the public once able to see the inveterate criminals and vagrants isolated in a class by themselves, it would be disposed to deal with them on rational lines. It would perceive them to be hopelessly inferior, a body of persons having no place among the workers of the State, and whose perpetuation ought on the score of pity for the offspring to be prevented. The idea of segregation is no new one, for at the call of religion man and woman in most countries and at all times have separated themselves from their fellows. Thus it has come about that millions of the most thoughtful and noble-minded men and women have in the past committed the fatal mistake of leaving the rest of humanity to carry on the race. Theirs was a voluntary segregation, which must have had the most direful effects upon mankind. On the other hand, the segregation urged in the book before us, is an enforced one, which would eliminate from the race some of its worst qualities.

John Addington Symonds.

Every one remembers Carlyle's saying that, if the life of any man were recounted with absolute veracity, it would be of surpassing interest from the light it would throw upon the human soul. There has been many an attempt, not counting Rousseau's, to answer the hard condition of unflinching truth-telling. The latest, and one of the most striking, is made in a biography of *John Addington Symonds*, compiled from his papers and correspondence by Horatio F. Brown (Scribner). This book is constructed on a plan which, so far as we know, is new. It is biographical in form, but autobiographical in substance. The subject, indeed, left an autobiography and a diary as well as a great quantity of letters addressed to intimate friends. These materials are woven into a consecutive narative, the source of each particular paragraph being indicated in a footnote, and without any break in the text. By this arrangement, the readableness of the volume is singularly enhanced. To the question why the autobiography was not printed separately, the compiler answers by quoting a remark made by Symonds himself, that "autobiographies, written with a purpose, are likely to want atmosphere. A man, when he sits down to give an account of his own life from the point of view of art, or passion, or of a particular action, is apt to make it appear as though he were nothing but an artist, nothing but a lover, or that the action he seeks to explain was the principal event in his existence. The report has to be supplemented in order that a true portrait may be painted." Mr. Brown adds on his own account that autobiographies being written at one period of life inevitably convey the tone of that period; they are not contemporaneous evidence, and are, therefore, of inferior value to diaries and letters. The latter portray the man more truly at each moment, and progressively from moment to moment. Especial stress is properly laid upon the choice of materials and method of arrangement in the case of the biography of such a man as Symonds, which depends for its interest upon psychological development. He was a man of means, and travelled for the sake of his health, or for the accumulation of knowledge; but his journeys were not of the kind which led to external adventures. On the other hand, for a biography of the psychological order, the material is as rich and varied as the temperament of the man who created it. This is, in truth, an extraordinary book as regards the rigor of self-scrutiny, and the frankness of self-disclosure.

I.

The principal incidents in the life of the subject of this biography may be outlined in a paragraph. His forefathers were representatives of the great middle class, and, for 200 years, had been Nonconformists, a fact of which they were more proud than of the coat of arms which they had inherited from an earlier period. John Addington Symonds was born at Bristol in October, 1840. After some preparatory education at private schools, he was sent to Harrow, where he failed to take any of the prizes, but did a great deal of desultory reading in the Latin and Greek classics. In 1858 he entered Balliol College, Oxford, as a commoner, and failed to pass the first University examination, Responsions, being ploughed for Greek grammar. Nevertheless, in the stimulating atmosphere and under the bracing discipline of Balliol, he was destined to achieve academical distinction. He secured a first in Mods, won the Newdigate Prize for a poem, gained a first-class in Greats, and, after having been elected a Fellow of Magdalen College, obtained the Chancellor's Prize for an essay on "The Renaissance," which seems to have pointed out to him the chief work of his life. Not long afterward he married a Miss North, and with her passed many years in Italy, where he died in April, 1893. The writings by which he is best known are his "Studies of the Greek Poets," the "Renaissance in Italy," and the "Life of Michael Angelo." His end was hastened by the composition of the last-named work, which was performed under high pressure in an already feeble physical condition.

The biographer, who knew him intimately for twenty years, believes that, psychologically, Symonds was constructed thus: A highly analytical and skeptical intellect, with which was connected a profound sense of the one ultimate, positive fact knowable to him, namely, himself; a rich, sensuous, artistic temperament, with which was united a natural vein of sweetness and affection; an uncompromising devotion to truth, a passion for the absolute, a dislike of compromises, of middle terms, and of approximations. This conception may be taken as a key to some of the psychological problems presented in this volume. To convey, however, in this notice some idea of the charm of the book, we must let the author speak for himself, and, to this end, we select two passages, one from the end of the first volume, in which he indicates what seems to him the painful predicament of all highly cultivated men at the close of the nineteenth century; and a second, in which he puts forward a singularly candid estimate of his own intellectual powers and qualifications for literary work.

II.

On page 418, Vol. I., we read: "What is left for us modern men? We cannot be Greek now. The ages and the seasons of humanity do not repeat themselves. The cypress of knowledge springs, and withers when it comes within sight of Troy; the cypress of pleasure, likewise, if it has not died already at the root of cankering Calvinism; the cypress of religion is tottering, the axe is laid close to its venerable stem. What is left? Science for those who are scientific. Art for artists; and all literary men are artists in a way. But science falls not to the lot of all. Art is hardly worth pursuing now, so bad are the times that we live in for its exercise, so faulty our ideas, so far more excellent the clear, bright atmosphere of antique Hellas. What then is left? Hasheesh, I think; hasheesh of one sort or another." He goes on to tell us what kind of hasheesh he has in mind. "We can dull the pangs of the present by living the past again in reveries or learned studies, by illusions of the fancy and a life of self-indulgent dreaming. Take down the perfumed scrolls; open, unroll, peruse, digest, intoxicate your spirit with the flavor. Behold, there is the Athens of Plato in your narcotic visions; Buddha and his anchorites appear; the raptures of St. Francis and the fire-oblations of St. Dominic; the phantasms of mythologies, the birth-throes of religions, the neurotism of chivalry, the passion of past poems; all pass before you in your Maya-world of hasheesh, which is criticism." Then there is music, which Symonds would deem the best anodyne of all. But, he adds, "alas, not even slumbers of the critic and dreams of the music lover are undisturbed by anguish. The world weighs on us. Nature and conscience cry; 'Work while it is yet day; the night cometh, when no man can work.'" Drudgery, in truth, is recognized as a kind of goddess worthy of worship for the gifts she gives ungrudgingly: "A Cinderella sister of Semnai Theai is she, clad in homespun, occupied with saucepans, sweeping up man's habitations, a besom in her horny hands. She is accessible and always to be found. The anodyne of fatigue is in the greasy leather wallet at her girdle. All men should pay vows at her shrine, else they will surely suffer." The utmost then, to be hoped for from intellectual effort in our time is fatigue and slumber. Equally hopeless is it to solve the riddle of the earth from the ethical point of view: "I wonder," writes Symonds, "what morality is; whether eternal justice exists, immutable right and wrong, or whether law and custom rule the world, evolved for social convenience from primal savagery. I am led in my actions by impulse, admiration, regard for the opinion of my fellows, fear of consequences, desire for what, in moments of happiness, I have recognized as beautiful, dislike of what is vile, mistrust of low and impious men; but never by fixed principles. I do not know what these are, and I very much doubt whether any one is guided by them. I pardon a vice for its sister virtue's sake. I feel coldly toward a virtue because of its stolid in-sipidity."

III.

It is in the second volume, on pages 60-66, that we find, quoted from the autobiography the results of the author's searching investigation of his intellectual and moral aptitudes for a literary career.

"From nature," he says, "I derived a considerable love of books, an active brain, a fairly extended curiosity, receptivity to ideas above the average, an aptitude for expression, sensibility to external objects in the world of things, and intense emotional susceptibility of a limited and rather superficial kind." On the other hand, he notes that his power of application was originally small, that what patience he subsequently evinced in the acquisition of knowledge was gained with difficulty. His memory was originally weak and unreliable. He could get a subject up for a university examination with tolerable ease, but he could not retain his knowledge of it. In this way, his intellectual furniture grew to be a vague, ill-digested, inaccurate mass. He was never able, he says, to overcome the congenital inferiority of his brain in this respect. Only by the severest drudgery was he able to attain accuracy in his writings. For numbers he had absolutely no head. He could not visualize numbers, he tells us, except in the most rudimentary way. At best, he could see the digits scrawled upon the slate. He was unable to remember the multiplication table, and it was notorious in his family that he was apt to make mistakes between a ten and a hundred, a hundred and a thousand, so feeble was his grasp upon the symbol 0. If he was not consequently involved in pecuniary difficulties, it was because he was conscious of this weakness, and referred on every occasion to written memoranda. Not yet complete is the candid catalogue of his deficiencies. He avows that he could not learn anything systematically. Grammar, logic, political economy, the exact sciences, offered insuperable obstacles to his mind. The result was that he knew nothing thoroughly, and this lack of thoroughness he attributed not so much to laziness as to cerebral incapacity.

On the other hand, we learn from the autobiography that visual objects—forms, colors, aspects of nature, faces, buildings, statues, pictures—left a keen and durable impression on his sensibilities. What Symonds once regarded as curiosities he could retain. More than that, he could remember the atmosphere of such things, the feelings they exhaled, their specific quality, so far as he was able to perceive them. It was plain that this would powerfully help him in the line of graphic writing. The same thing could be affirmed, he says, of his other senses, touch, taste, hearing, and smell, though in a less degree. In spite, however, of this retentive receptivity to objects of sense, he did not consider himself strong in the faculty of observation, that faculty which makes the novelist, the man of science, and the higher artist. Emotional states, indeed, whether painfully poignant or fragile in their evanescent lightness, he could remember with unerring accuracy. This, he thought, had been useful to him in the exercise of criticism. At the same time he did not claim to be an analyst of emotion. Retentive receptivity to emotion was the quality he professed to have. This, combined with a moderate estimate of his own powers and a fair share of common sense, had given, he believed, a certain breadth, a certain catholicity, a certain commonplaceness to his æsthetic conclusions. As regards his powers of expression, these, he thinks, were considerable, yet not of first-rate quality. His besetting sin was fatal facility. Long and ineffectually he struggled to conquer fluency. Concentration lay beyond his grasp. "I have written," he confesses, "few good paragraphs, and possibly no single perfect line."

Of the moral qualities exercised in the field of literary work, Symonds claimed the following: First, humility, developed by the sense of insufficiency which overclouded his earliest efforts. Secondly, pride and self-respect, developed during the same period of baffled aspirations. Blending their forces, these qualities rendered him comparatively cold about the future of his books, contented to compose for his own pleasure in a spirit half sanguine and half pessimistic. "I have never," he says, "expected success, or been fretful when I did not get it; never cared very much for praise or blame; never curried favor, or sought to disarm opposition." The estimate concludes with the following words: "Experience of life, often extremely bitter, at times unexpectedly blissful, has taught me that there is nothing extraordinarily great in the greatest of achievements, nothing mean in the meanest of occupations; briefly, that human life is not to be estimated by what men perform, but by what they are."

The Literature of the Georgian Era.

An essay in literary history which has been recently published by the Harpers may be cordially commended as a text book to American high schools and colleges. We refer to *The Literature of the Georgian Era* by the late William Minto, Professor of English Literature and Logic in the University of Aberdeen. In a treatise on logic, inductive and deductive, which the author contributed some years ago to the series of university manuals, he laid great stress on the superiority of inductive over deductive reasoning, and he has faithfully practised what he preached in the lectures which make up the book before us. His studies differ from much work of the kind in being historical before they are critical; he has not begun by saturating his mind with what others have said upon the subject, but has gone straight to the authors themselves about whom he intended to discourse, and has read their writings thoroughly before expressing an opinion on them. By the simple expedient of refraining from speaking of any book until he had read it, he has succeeded in imparting a refreshing originality to his own composition. The general effect of his lectures is, first, to stimulate the reader to follow the lecturer's example and verify assertions for himself, and, secondly, to give him the assurance that, should he do this, he is likely to find that many current conceptions are unfounded. Thus, as regards the poetry of the Georgian era, Mr. Minto undertakes to refute a number of prevailing misconceptions; for instance, the supposed tyranny of Pope, the revolutionizing of poetry attributed to Cowper, and the alleged lack of artistic education on the part of Burns. Almost equally striking and suggestive are the lecturer's references to the various masters of English prose fiction, from Richardson and Fielding to Scott and Bulwer.

I.

The author begins by proving that he has made no arbitrary and artificial choice by selecting the combined reigns of the four Georges as a section of English literary history. It is true that the Georges did little or nothing for literature, but the fact is one of the reasons why the accession of the Hanoverian dynasty constitutes a useful point of departure for a historical survey. There is an obvious interest in seeing how literature prospered when it was no longer sunned by the royal countenance, and in observing what new influences compensated for the loss. From Chaucer's day up to the time of the first George almost every eminent man of letters had received direct encouragement from the court. It was a novel and unprecedented situation when the throne was filled by a king who could hardly speak a word of English and who was entirely destitute of interest in English or any other literature. The accession of the Hanoverian dynasty, moreover, affected literature profoundly in another way, namely, by putting an end to a long period of political uncertainty. The settlement of the long-vexed question of the succession to the crown made a change in the position of the man of letters that can only be described as a revolution. In the time of Queen Anne, and for half a century before, the work of expressing and enlightening opinion was carried on by means of pamphlets. The man who could write pamphlets, whether in prose or in verse, at once became a person of importance. Men of letters were sought after, caressed, and rewarded as they had never been before by ambitious politicians and grasping Ministers. The situation was completely changed by the settlement of the disputed succession. It was purely as party writers, as brilliant political pamphleteers, as useful rhetorical panegyrists and biting satirists that men of letters had been patronized; and when the need for their services passed away the fountains of patronage were dried up. The batch of Whig poets who had remained faithful under the Tory ascendancy were provided for on the triumph of the Whigs, but this was practically the end of the patronage system. When Sir Robert Walpole got the reins of power firmly in his hands he found that the poets and artistic prose writers could be of little service to him, and he turned the golden stream away from the occasional pamphleteer in the direction of the periodical press, the rapid development of which was coincident with the accession of George I. Walpole, who believed in paying for services in hard cash, is said to have distributed $250,000 in ten years among the journalistic supporters of his administration, and one of them, Arnall, a journalist whose name can be found in no history of literature, boasted that he had received in three years about $55,000. Clearly, then, the great change effected in the position of men of letters with the accession of George I. is a solid reason for beginning a literary survey from that date. The whole era of the four Georges, moreover, owes to an accident a certain remarkable completeness considered as a literary period. It so happened that Pope's masterpiece, "The Rape of the Lock," was published in its complete form in the first year of the first George, while the last year of the last George witnessed the publication of Tennyson's first volume of poems. It might seem at first sight as if there had been in this long interval of 115 years only a full circle revolution of a fixed wheel, an oscillation of a pendulum to and fro; as if poetry had only moved from the elaborate artistic care of Pope to the freedom and spontaneity of Wordsworth and Byron and back to the elaborate artistic care of Tennyson. But Mr. Minto shows us that there was a real progression. Tennyson embodies new poetic ideals in his art, and it was in the interval between Pope and him that these ideals had been conceived and shaped. The age of Wordsworth and Byron was not only a season of great creative energy, but also a season of vivid and searching criticism. Not only were new masterpieces produced, but new life was given to the discussion of the first principles of the art of poetry. Wordsworth led the way both in creation and in criticism, for, although he was by no means the most popular poet in his generation, he unquestionably exercised the greatest influence upon men of letters considered as the manufacturers of poetry.

II.

To the students of literary history the most significant fact in the reign of the four Georges is the gradual rise in the reputation of Wordsworth and the gradual fall of the reputation of Pope. About the close of the reign of George IV. the reputation of Wordsworth had reached its zenith; the reputation of Pope, unchallenged throughout the eighteenth century, had fallen to its nadir. Macaulay's essay on Byron, published in 1831, may be taken as marking the triumph of the Wordsworthian school; this essay concentrated and emphasized all that had been said in disparagement of Pope. For the last fifty years the public conception of this poet has been dominated by Macaulay's caricature. Mr. Minto himself does not believe that Pope can ever be restored to the place that he once occupied in public estimation, though he has no doubt that the reaction against him in public estimation was carried much too far. He maintains, on the other hand, that among the few who have made poetry a serious study, and there were such men in the eighteenth century as well as in the nineteenth, there has been no substantial oscillation of opinion about the merits of Pope. Such men have always felt and said that his range of subjects was limited, and that his power of expression was not of the very highest, but that, within his limits and the measure of his power, his execution was of unrivalled brilliancy. Wordsworth and Coleridge felt and acknowledged this, if not as heartily, at least as explicitly as Byron and Campbell. It was the disciples of Wordsworth and Coleridge who, by their wholesale condemnation of the poetry of the eighteenth century, managed to fix in the public mind a great many erroneous conceptions. Among these was the very common impression that the poets of the last century lived in slavish subjection to a set of narrow and exclusive rules of criticism; that they had no love for nature, either in scenery or in human affections or passions; that they were a finnicking race of artists, conventional and artificial, shuddering at Shakespeare as a wild and irregular genius. Mr. Minto suggests that, instead of accepting these notions at second hand, we should read for ourselves what Pope and Johnson actually said of Shakespeare in their prefaces. As a matter of fact, exclusive admiration of Pope and the classical school, and inability to feel and enjoy excellence of any other kind, cannot be charged against the critics of the last century. Pope himself was by no means insensible to the greatness of his great predecessors, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. His conversations with Spence afford abundant evidence of the catholicity as well as delicacy of his judgment. If we pass from Pope to his immediate successors, we find that we cannot number disrespect for Shakespeare among the causes of their poetic incompetence. Walton and Collins were perhaps, singular in their enthusiasm for Spenser, but the cult of Shakespeare was universal. The neglect into which he had fallen under the Restoration had passed away; edition now followed edition and commentary commentary, while Garrick in Shakesperean parts was the delight of the time. When Akenside, in the last year of Pope's life, extolled "The Pleasures of the Imagination," he began by invoking the spirit of Shakespeare. A few years later, in 1749, when a company of French players visited England, Akenside described their visit as an insult to Shakespeare, and put a "Remonstrance" in the mouth of the outraged dramatist. The same note was struck by Churchill in the first year of the reign of George III. He said that "Shakespeare's muse aspires beyond the reach of Greece." Gray carried his admiration of artless poetry so far as to find beauties even in Lydgate, whom few persons have the patience to read; for Shakespeare his enthusiasm was unbounded; the poetry of his own age seemed poor and starved in comparison. What is no less noteworthy, Gray vied with Wordsworth in the sincerity of his passion for the Cumberland Lakes; with Scott in his love for the Scottish Highlands. Here, then, we have some of the results of Mr. Minto's determination to discover by a first-hand investigation what the ideals of the poets of the last century really were. It is evident that, in principle at least, they were not enamored of tameness and trimness in art, and that they did not, of set choice, and with deliberate acquiescence, confine themselves to a low range of imaginative efforts.

III.

How, then, are we to account for the seeming arrest of poetry in the eighteenth century, if it was not due to the chilling influence of critics imbued with artificial principles? Burke's aphorism that the march of the human mind is slow is suggested as a partial explanation that must not be lost sight of in the search for minute causes. Leaps and bounds of poetic expansion are not to be expected in every generation. Slow progress is the normal law, and we need not torture ourselves to discover reasons for a particular case of slow progress, as if it was something exceptional. After all, there was some progress during the eighteenth century, even in poetry itself, besides what, as will presently be noted, was done in the way of suggestion and collection of material for the poetry of the future. Collins and Gray are great names, though not of the first rank, and even in the darkest period such minor bards as Shenstone and Beattie sounded a distinctive note, however humble. The difficulty, in truth, is rather to determine the cause of such a rare departure from the normal law as was the great outburst of poetic activity which occurred in the first quarter of the century. The popular conception of this revolution is that it was a literary echo of the French revolution; that, catching the heat of the political ferment, English poets were emboldened to raise the standard of rebellion and throw off the yoke of Pope and the classical school. Mr. Minto, on his part, is disposed to think that the example of freedom from the traditional standards of dignity set by prose works of imagination and prose comments on life had much more to do with the poetic revolution than the contemporary political excitement, though this also may have been a factor in the result. The serious muse of poetry had sat in stiff and starched propriety, while prose fiction, her nimbler sister, revelled in the enjoyment of liberty. But the former tired at last of nursing her dignity and unbent. Prose writers had familiarized the world with the subjects and sentiments of the new poetry for a generation or two before these attained the intensity that seeks expression in verse. The emancipating influence of the prose literature becomes obvious when one looks at the general strain of the pioneers and leaders of the poetic revolution. Mr. Minto devotes a chapter to Cowper, and elsewhere compendiously describes him as an essayist in verse. Surely the same thing may be said of Crabbe. Wordsworth deliberately claimed a right to use in verse the same diction that might be employed for the expression of the same feelings in prose; such incidents, moreover, as he made the subjects of his lyrical ballads had been long considered as admissible material for the novelist. Characters and incidents similar in kind to those in Scott's metrical romances had made their appearance before in prose romance. Byron's "Childe Harold" was avowedly suggested by a character in prose fiction; he intended his hero, he said, to be a kind of poetical Zeluco. What Byron did in this poem was to produce a new species of epic, such as the former writers of epic poetry had never contemplated, the hero of which is not a mythical king or a personified virtue, but a modern man, moving in modern scenes. It seems plain enough that prose writing, in essay and fiction, had, during the eighteenth century, led the way to greater freedom of subject and sentiment in poetry and had matured the ideas to which poetry gave the higher artistic expression.

IV.

One of the most remarkable papers in this volume deals with the historical relationships of Burns. The prevailing conception of Burns, and one that finds support in Carlyle's essays, is that the Ayrshire ploughman's poetry had no historical connection; that it stands apart as a unique phenomenon, entirely cut off from the main stream of English poetry, and that the peasant-poet owed everything to nature and nothing to books. Mr. Minto shows that in the current conception there is just this much obvious truth, that Burns owed little to school and nothing to college; but when it is said that nature was his only schoolmaster, unless the word nature is used in a sense wide enough to include the literary work of man, the theory does injustice to Burns as an artist, and is at variance with the plain facts of his life. Undoubtedly, Burns was a self-taught genius, but only in the sense in which all great artists are so. Beyond a certain point every man must be his own schoolmaster, and in this sense nature was a schoolmaster of Burns. All the same, his poetry is not an isolated creation, entirely disconnected from the main body of literature; it had a literary origin, as much as the poetry of Chaucer, or Shakespeare, or even Pope.

What was this origin? Mr. Minto traces the movement that culminated in the poetry of Burns to an episode in the English literary history of Queen Anne's time, a passing fashion for writing what is called pastoral poetry, and a quarrel on the subject between Pope and Steele. The latter, in several numbers of the *Guardian*, criticised Pope's artificial Pastorals, which were imitative of Theocritus and Virgil, and set forth a fresh theory for that kind of composition, to the effect that, in English pastoral poetry, the characters should be not classical shepherds and shepherdesses, Corydon and Phyllis, Tityrus and Amaryllis, but real English rustics; that the scenery should be real English scenery, and that the manners and superstitions should be such as are to be found in English rural life. Gay burlesqued this theory in his "Shepherd's Week," but otherwise nothing was done to realize it in England till the time of Crabbe and Wordsworth. As it happened, however, it was taken seriously in Scotland. At the time when the *Guardian* articles appeared, there was a club in Edinburgh which followed the literary movements of London with keen interest, and of this club Allan Ramsay was poet laureate. Ramsay had written pastoral elegies à la mode, but now he determined to try his hand at the real pastoral as conceived by Steele, and produced "The Gentle Shepherd." This pastoral comedy is numbered by Mr. Minto among the conditions that made the poetry of Burns possible. Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd" became in the generation before Burns one of the most popular books among the peasantry in Scotland, finding a place beside the Bible in every ploughman's cottage and shepherd's sheiling. For this reason it may be said to have created the atmosphere in which the genius of Burns thrived and grew to such proportions. It did this by idealizing rural life in Scotland, and by giving the ploughman a status in the world of imagination.

Burns's debt to Ramsay is acknowledged by Carlyle, but Mr. Minto insists that to say with Carlyle that Burns had "for his only standard of beauty the rhymes of Ramsay and Ferguson" is to miss altogether his true relation to the main body of English literature. It is absurdly to underrate the extent of the ploughman's self-education. All of his biographers dwell on the studious habits of the Burns family, and tell us how they carried books in their pockets to read whenever their hands were free from farm work, and how neighbors found them at their meals with spoon in one hand and book in the other. The wonder really is, when one considers the strength of Burns's youthful passion for reading, tending, as it did, to detach him from his unlettered neighbors, that it did not convert him into a self-opinionated prig or a snarling pedant. Mr. Minto thinks that what saved him from this fate was that he absorbed books and was not absorbed by them; that his thirst for sympathy and distinction made him appropriate and turn to his own uses what he found in books. Whatever the cause may have been, the actual result was that Burns, during his early years of intense and devouring study, trained himself to be a great artist by mastering and applying in harmonious practice the best critical ideas of his century.

According to the author of these lectures, the secret of Burns's enduring fame is that he succeeded in reconciling the two elementary principles of poetry which a weaker intellect cannot prevent from drifting into antagonism and mutual injury. One of these principles is that which in eighteenth century literature bore the name of correctness, but this was only another name for perfection of expression, in so far as that can be attained by laborious self-criticism. The other principle is that art must follow nature. It is a common opinion that the eighteenth century poets were alive only to the first of these principles. But Mr. Minto has shown that this will not bear examination; the sovereignty of nature was formally proclaimed by Pope, as well as the artistic duty of dressing her to advantage. This was Pope's theory, and, in the generation between him and Burns, the importance of following nature was insisted on with untiring enthusiasm by poets and critics alike. But, till Burns arose, no poetic aspirant was found, with the doubtful exception of Collins, capable of reconciling the conflicting claims of nature and art in practice. Burns himself, indeed, might seem, at first sight, to be all on the side of the naturalist. He says in one place: "Gie me ae touch o' nature's fire. That's a' the learning I desire." That Burns had natural fire there is no question, and everybody allows that the touch of nature's fire is indispensable. Burns, however, had courage enough to recognize that the possession of natural fire did not absolve him from the necessity of resolute artistic discipline; and his distinction lies in the fact that he had strength enough to undergo the discipline without losing his hold on nature. A glance at his recorded habits of composition will demonstrate that it was not by trusting to natural impulse alone that he attained perfection of expression. "It is," he says in one of his letters, "an excellent method in a poet, and what I believe every poet does, to place some favorite classic author in his walks of study and composition before him as a model." Elsewhere, in a description of his habits at the age of 16, he says: "A collection of English songs was my *vade mecum*. I pored over them, driving my cart or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, or sublime from affectation or fustian." In 1789 he wrote: "I have no doubt but the knack, the aptitude, to learn the muse's trade is a gift bestowed by Him who forms the secret bias of the soul; but I as firmly believe that *excellence* in the profession is the fruit of industry, labor, attention, and pains." Mr. Minto points out that, for almost every one of his poems, Burns had a precedent in general form as well as in metre. For "The Twa Dogs" and "Tam o' Shanter" he had Allan Ramsay's fables, the "Twa Books" and "The Three Bonnets;" for "Hallowe'en" he had Fergusson's "Hallow Fair;" for "The Cotter's Saturday Night" he had Fergusson's "Farmer's Ingle," and so on. Even for his interchange of rhyming epistles with brother bards he had the precedent of Fergusson's correspondence with J. S. To the author of these lectures it would seem as if Burns never wrote except with some precedent in his eyes, therein approving himself the genuine child of the typical principle and practice of Pope. It is not, of course, asserted or implied that he kept his precedent before him for servile imitation; it was before his mind rather as a stimulating rival, to be beaten on its own ground by superior natural force, higher art, or happier choice of theme. Mr. Minto can suggest no better way of reviving our sense of the force of Burns's genius, if it should happen to get blunted by too prolonged familiarity, than putting his work alongside the precedent with which it competes.

The question will naturally be asked whether, on this theory, Burns, the child of nature, the heaven-taught poet, is not reduced to a mere creature of books? It is certain that books did influence Burns's career and his choice of poetical themes. For example, it is quite possible that he would have felt pity for the mouse whose dwelling had been ruined by his ploughshare, even if he had been absolutely illiterate; but it is scarcely credible that he would have written a poetic address to the mouse if he had not been steeped in the contemporaneous literature of sensibility and if Sterne and Mackenzie had not been his favorite authors. No one, on the other hand, would dream of contending that Burns owed everything to books. Precisely what Mr. Minto means is that, in virtue of his artistic temperament, Burns was peculiarly susceptible to influences of all kinds, to ideas current in the minds of living men, as well as to ideas preserved in books; if books exercised a paramount influence upon him, it was because as a poet or artist in words he, more than the generality of men, lived and moved and had his being in the atmosphere of books. He himself bears direct testimony to this, even if it was not to be divined from his artistic temperament and the study of his works in relation to his contemporaries.

M. W. H.

A MAGIC STATE.

The Dream of Juan Ponce de Leon Made a Fact by the Enterprise of Two Men.

Jacksonville, Feb. 24.—The transformation in Florida within the past twenty-five years seems magical to one returning after that lapse of time. All seems new and strange, in faces and in scenes. A new world and new people meet the astonished view. At that time there were but two railroads in the State, one running east and west, and the other north and south, while now from the Suwannee River in middle Florida to Jupiter Inlet in the south the peninsular portion of the State has become a network of railroads. In those days this same section was almost a barren wilderness of badly managed farms and turpentine camps, or where the [illegible] long slanting [illegible] the light soil and game of all sorts found an asylum. Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and Palatka were the resorts of interest for the tourists brave enough to tolerate the miserable hotel and steamboat accommodations, while those who reached the headwaters of the Ocklawaha never got done talking about it. Now one is whisked to the remotest points in south Florida in long trains of palace cars, with observation and dining cars attached, direct from New York without change, and on to Cuba and the Bahama Islands, and the floating gardens of the Caribbean Sea in palatial ocean steamers if he will; and all through the peninsula he shall pass through great cities and towns with "silvered domes and Moorish minarets that ornament a palace," and cultivated gardens and groves of fruit golden in the sunlight, albeit frozen for the time being by "a blighting frost." Even the Everglades, into which the last of the Seminole Indians were pushed by the civilization which subdues or exterminates, is being reclaimed to the uses of man and made to minister to his happiness.

In all the larger cities and towns there are magnificent hotels, which rival in their commodiousness and luxurious fixings and their table service those of New York. Beautiful churches and public buildings and private palaces have taken the places of ramshackle piles and shanties and fungus growths of all sorts.

It has become so common in Europe and America to underrate the potentialities of brains and capital, and to exalt brawn and muscle, to ascribe to the one all the vices of selfishness and cunning, and to the other all the virtues of philanthropy and guileless innocence, that it is important to emphasize again and again what all these forces can accomplish when coöperating, in contrast with what they do not when inactive or pulling each other's ears. We have a striking illustration of it in sight of The Sun office, when we remember what Austin Corbin has done to bring remotest Long Island within the shortest distance to Printing House square, and what the unfortunate Erastus Wiman tried to do for Staten Island along the same lines. Whatever the motives of those men may have been, and the Scriptures declare that the laborer is worthy of his hire, they have made millions of blades of grass to grow where none grew before, and barren wastes to "blossom as a garden of the Lord."

In like manner have H. B. C. Plant and Henry M. Flagler wrought for Florida. Mr. Plant has so consolidated the railroad and steamship service of the State that it is practically under one system, in which there are 1,404 miles of railroad and 1,283 miles of river and ocean service, or an aggregate mileage of 2,777 miles. It has been the growth only of a few years; and, while it has enriched its promoter beyond the dreams of Ponce de Leon, it has also enriched thousands of others and given profitable employment to other thousands. It is true that Mr. Flagler has destroyed the ancient St. Augustine and made it one of the most modern and beautiful of cities, with hotels and churches and hospitals and private residences, hemmed in by the ancient sea wall and expansive palms and oleanders and magnolias and fountains whose sprays temper the atmosphere the year round; but he has created Palm Beach on the east, and he has infused new life into all the people of east and south Florida. He has spent millions of dollars to help make Florida a magic State. These men have revolutionized the hotel, steamboat, and railroad service of Florida and the South, and have thus gained the admiration and gratitude of every tourist in the land whose thoughts turn to sunshine and flowers when the fierce winters of the north mow down those with weak constitutions as a bowler mows down the ten pins. The brains and the capital of these two men have made Florida even more of a paradise than the Spanish cavalier dreamed of it.

As in the case of the two men in New York, so it is with the two who have done so much for Florida, there are plenty of men who inveigh against them as beasts of unrighteousness, who have destroyed the miserable conditions of the past and devoured the lion's share of the wealth and the splendors of the new conditions which they did so much to create. I think they have but reaped where they have sown.

T. Thomas Fortune.